

WEALTH IN TURTLES.

Promising Minor Opening for North American Enterprise.

Typical Turtle Fishing in Jamaica—How the Reptiles Are Caught and Marketed—Prospects of the Industry.

[Special Kingston (Jamaica) Letter.]
As an adventurous sport turtle hunting is simply "not in it." Far more excitement is to be got out of even ceiling or crab catching. But when it comes to interest—interest of the right sort, material interest, that is—of all the tropical enterprises that partake of the nature of field sport whilst conducting to the accumulation of wealth with a comparative minimum of initial outlay, commend me to the catching of the humble turtle.

In this direction there is an almost virgin field open to go-ahead American enterprise which might be exploited with no little advantage. Now that the attention of American enterprise is being so extensively centered on West Indian lands (and waters), it would be a distinct loss, at once to the national pocket and palate were the turtle industry overlooked—as I shall proceed to demonstrate.

How many people, either in America or Europe, outside the more wealthy classes, really know anything of the wide possibilities of the turtle as they are tentatively exemplified in the turtle factory and shop in Kingston? In northern lands turtle soup (with a basis of beef at that) and steak are all that is known about it—and are expensive lux-

stage as an industry that it is actually going a-begging to be properly developed.

Let us now briefly review the conditions. The Caymanas fishers sail out to the Mosquito cays, operating from Mosquito and Allargate southward to Tyree and King cays. On these sandy islets they build crawls and set out on weekly hunts, capturing the turtles in great nets set screenwise between the mural coral reefs, to which the quarry are enticed by wooden decoys. From ten to one hundred turtles may be taken in a week by each schooner. Many or few, the booty is conveyed to the crawl and another week begun. It may happen that on a subsequent trip the fishers find that coast Indians have raided the crawls. For this there is no redress. But if all goes well in six or eight weeks cargoes are ready for Kingston. The market price in Jamaica is six dollars per head for average large ones of 120 pounds or so, small ones in proportion. The smaller turtles are reserved for the foreign trade, the others being consumed locally, where the butcher price is 12 cents per pound.

Such are the present conditions of the trade, and needless to say the supply is far short of the actual demand, not to mention the possibilities that could be exploited. There is also a good demand for the shell of the Hawksbill turtle—the turtle shell of commerce—but this is practically distinct from the industry we are considering.

As may be inferred from this outline sketch, turtling is an exceedingly monotonous business for one blessed with a mental vitality above the stolidity of a Caymanas fisherman. The only possible alternative of excitement short of a hurricane lies in the direction of the Indian raiders, an armed guard to

TWO HISTORIC SHOTS.

They Will Always Be Identified with Our National Life.

One Was the Cannon Shot Which Rang Out from Moultrie, the Other the Pistol Shot That Killed Abraham Lincoln.

[Special Washington Letter.]
Great men and great events pass before us so rapidly in kaleidoscopic review, like the moving pictures of a kinetoscope, that men of modern times must needs read rapidly, think quickly and act with celerity in order to keep pace with the acts and scenes in the drama of human life.

There was a cannon shot fired from Fort Moultrie at Fort Sumter in the early days of 1861 which changed the destinies of this republic. It reverberated throughout the world. The men and women who were heads of families then have nearly all gone to that bourne whence no traveler e'er returns. All readers of history know of it, but there was another cannon shot fired from a battery beneath a Palmetto flag, some weeks earlier, of which few people have heard or read. It was fired at a vessel called the Star of the West, as it was bringing supplies to Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. That shot did not precipitate civil war, for there were commissioners and committees selected and appointed afterwards to avert a war between the states. But the shot which was fired at the flag waving over Fort Sumter caused an internecine struggle of four years' duration.

The men and women born between the years 1861 and 1865 have no personal recollections of the tragic daily occurrences of those years. To-day they are the leaders and managers in the forefront of affairs. They read of the civil war as they read of the Mexican war, the war of 1812 and the war of the revolution; wars in which they took no part, directly or indirectly. True, there were boys and young men then, who are fathers and grandfathers now, who tell to families and friends incidents of those days, thereby making more vivid their reading of history. But the stalwart men of to-day and the mothers of the rising generation have no personal knowledge of those events. The writer is one of the mere boys of '61 who has personal recollections of the trials and triumphs of those days.

The people of the north and of the south eagerly bought the daily papers, not merely to see which side had won in battle, but to see whether "our John" or "our Jim" or others of our families had fallen beneath the leaden and iron hail which the contending forces were hurling against each other. We suffered not only the joys of victory or the sorrows of defeat, but in every home and at every hearthstone there was a father, a mother, a brother or a sister reading of loved ones who were "dying to-night on the old camp ground," far from the reach of loving hands, writhing hearts and loving lips.

Yes, the shot which rang out from Moultrie rang around the world and convulsed this nation. It was followed



MRS. SURRATT'S HOUSE.
(Where President Lincoln's Assassination Was Planned.)

by volleys innumerable for four long years until the end came; the end welcomed by both north and south. Welcomed by the north because of the insured permanence of the federal union; welcomed by the south because it was the conclusion of privation, suffering and disaster. To-day the survivors of the contending armies and their children and children's children all rejoice that the end was as it was.

But the shot above all others which outlived in tragic hypnotism all other events was the shot from the pistol of an assassin which rang out in Ford's theater and reverberated throughout the world; the shot which, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, took from the republic its glorious president (on April 14, 1865) and took from the unfortunate south the one life which might have been able to spare it all of the years of misery which followed, because of mistaken zeal and partisan folly. It was the shot fired by John Wilkes Booth, which caused the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Paradoxical as it may seem, we are a peace-loving people, and at the same time a warlike nation. Seeking peace with all mankind, we were forced into a war for humanity's sake just one year ago. Out of that war we have come with glory and honor, and with international reputation for military

and naval prowess and skill. Surviving veterans of the northern and southern armies and navies have fought under one flag. The sons of the federal and confederate soldiers and sailors have fought under one flag, and the nation is reunited. To-day we can look back upon the four years of tragedy and without sectional feelings recall the two shots which stand out most prominently in memory, as they will always stand out most prominently in history. The shots from Moultrie's cannon and from the pistol of the assassin.

After escaping from the theater and after escaping from this city, Booth, the assassin, was closely followed until he was surrounded in a barn in Maryland and killed by a bullet from the rifle of Boston Corbett; a shot which was fired without orders, and against the desire of the commanding officer.

The body of the assassin was brought to Washington and buried here. Nevertheless there have been many stories promulgated alleging that he escaped



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED.

justice. One of those fables was to the effect that he was many years afterwards a preacher in Monumental church at Richmond, Va.

The houses in which the assassination was planned and in which Lincoln died are still standing in Washington, and their pictures are herewith presented. The assassination was planned in a boarding house kept by Mrs. Surratt, and she was hanged with the captured conspirators.

Concerning the guilt of Mrs. Surratt the writer has always entertained doubts. Nevertheless, public indignation was so high, and every mind was so inflamed with a desire for complete vengeance, that the woman suffered with those who were certainly guilty. Father Walter, of St. Patrick's Catholic church, received the confession of Mrs. Surratt before her death. As a priest he declined to give evidence concerning her confession. Nevertheless, as a man, he always expressed his belief in her innocence. Knowing Father Walter very well, and having heard him personally express his belief in her innocence, the writer has always inclined to that belief.

"Many of the stories about John Wilkes Booth are very absurd," says Mr. Louis Dietrich, an old Washingtonian. "I have heard people throughout the country say that Booth was never killed or captured and that the body which was brought to Washington was a dummy. I have seen such statements in the papers, as though the writers believed the nonsense about which they write. But I can tell you that I was one of the very few who actually did see and touch the dead body of the murderer of Abraham Lincoln."

"When his body was brought here on a gunboat I wanted to see him; but it was almost impossible to get a chance. I thought of all schemes to get on board and at last went to my friend, Dr. Todd, of the army, and asked him how I should get to see the body. He said: 'We are to make a post-mortem examination to-morrow in the afternoon. You come to the boat and tell the guards that you have a message for me. I will be on board and will tell them to send you to me as I am expecting you. I did so and was admitted.'

"Just before the post mortem examination Dr. Todd lifted the big tarpaulin that was laid over the body on the upper deck, and showed me the face of the dead man. It was calm and peaceful as a baby's, and it was John Wilkes Booth. It is all nonsense to say that he was not there. I saw him and touched his head. It was cold and dead; and it was Booth. I know what I know, and I saw Booth lying there. The gunboat was anchored between the arsenal and the navy yard, but nearer the yard than the arsenal."

"Among other absurd stories told about Booth was one to the effect that his body had been sunk in the eastern branch of the Potomac, at midnight, and that no one knew where it was. That was false as everything else they told. His body was buried in the old penitentiary ground, where the arsenal now is, together with those of the other conspirators, Harold, Payne, Mrs. Surratt and Atzerodt. There the body laid for ten years, until it was finally disinterred and carried to Baltimore and buried beside that of his father in the family burying ground."

SMITH D. FRY.

A Simple Remedy.

When the world looks dark and gloomy and life seems a sad, sad plight, Get up and wash your windows so Your soul can see things right.—Chicago Record.

HUFKINS' DOCTOR BOOK.

Every Reading of It Brings on a New Attitude and Druggist's Bills.

Mr. Hufkins, of Indiana avenue, came home one night lately with a big book under his arm.

"There, I reckon there'll be an end of doctor's bills in this family after this," he said. "When the Hufkinses get sick after this we'll do the only sensible thing—diagnose the disease ourselves, take some simple remedy, save \$500 a year in useless doctor's bills."

After dinner Mr. Hufkins spent two hours in reading about rheumatism, gout, consumption, whooping cough and insanity. The next morning he got up with a crick in his back.

"Louis," he said, briskly to his oldest boy, "go over to the drugstore and get me half a pound of citrate of soda, and 12 four-grain tablets of pneumonia."

Louis came back in half an hour with a bottle of citrate of soda and a dozen phenacetin pills, and said the druggist thought they would fill the bill.

"That's what I said; that's what I sent you for," remarked Mr. Hufkins, loftily, as he swallowed six of the tablets and took a teaspoonful of the soda. By night Mr. Hufkins said the symptoms had changed, and he recognized in himself a victim of gout.

"No, thank you, Mary; no pie for me this evening; no more sweet stuffs; no more wine, no more cigars. This gout is settling around my heart and even with the strictest precautions I may be a dead man in 24 hours."

He put on a flax seed poultice and sat up in bed and read some more of his doctor book.

"Hum-m—queer, queer," he mused, after reading about three hours. "I thought this was the most extraordinary case of gout I ever heard of. By jingo, I see now; it's lung trouble in the fifth stage."

He waked the servant girl up and sent her post haste for a bottle of cod liver oil. When the girl came back she walked on tiptoe, ran into a looking glass and forgot to wind the clock. Mr. Hufkins informed her, as he gulped down the cod liver oil, that she had paretis in an advanced stage, and that he would prescribe some simple remedy in the morning. In two days Mr. Hufkins was not able to go down to his office. On the third day, sitting in an easy chair, he perused the doctor book from ten o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night. Before the week was over both the Hufkins children had stopped going to school to take treatment for whooping cough, scarlet fever, measles and mumps.

Mrs. Hufkins is living in hope that the list of diseases in the doctor book will soon be exhausted.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A REINCARNATED DOG.

Towser Hadn't Lost His Human Traits in the Process of Changing.

"You can't tell me there is nothing in the theory of reincarnation," remarked a traveling man, "for I know there is. I was down in Florida recently, and in St. Augustine I saw a snob dog—an out-and-out snob. His name is Towser, and he is just a common yellow dog—lives in the street and belongs to no one. In the summer, when no wealthy northern people are in town, he plays with all the middle-class children and dogs, and will greet patronizingly the middle-class men and women who know him. But in winter, as soon as the season begins, he attaches himself to some rich New York family—loafs in their yard, tags their footsteps or carriages all about the city, attends them to church and home again, and so far as he is able, makes himself one of them. For his mess he has been forced to resort to the back yards of a plain, good woman who pities him and feeds him regularly; he is friendly with her at his eating hours, but never so far forgets himself as to wag his tail at her on the street or when he is with more pretentious people. When society functions take place in St. Augustine there is Towser; golf matches, afternoon teas, picnics or boating parties, all are attended by him with most conventional regularity. He never greets any ordinary acquaintance when thus socially engaged, and has even been known not to eat for several days when a fashionable wedding was on his mind. With the swell dogs of St. Augustine Towser never has any rows, having, no doubt, studied the polite art of being agreeable; but with common curs he is irritable and defensive. That dog has been human in his time, and I'd give a penny to know who he was."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rice Omelette.

One cupful of cold boiled rice, four eggs, a dash of salt, pepper and mustard, beat all well together and pour into a hot buttered skillet or shallow baking pan. Cover and cook on the stove ten minutes, or bake fifteen in a hot oven.—Ladies' World.

Serious.

Alice—What makes you think Mr. Perkins means business?
Bertha—He just asked me why I didn't attend cooking school.—Criterion.



THE TURTLE MARKET AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

uries. Yet this almost unknown tropical "luxury," in all its forms, could readily be put on northern tables in as prime a condition and as cheaply as oranges, bananas and pine apples.

Under the circumstances a description of the conditions and prospects of this promising industry cannot fail to prove timely and of interest to the general reader. And having just made a little "voyage of exploration" among the Caymanas turtles, I am in a position to furnish the information.

Turtle fishing is carried on throughout the West Indies and on the Central American and Floridian coasts, but it is probable that Jamaica is the chief source of supply to the world's market. Such as the market is, however, it is very limited, being kept at the luxury standard for the reasons above stated. So far as Jamaica is concerned, the fishing is altogether in the hands of the Caymanas islanders, Jamaica itself con-



A MILITANT MOTHER.

tributing little, if anything. It once did, but the mongoose made its Caucasian debut among the fauna of the island, and amongst its other conquests practically wiped out the turtle by devouring the eggs.

Previous to the Ten Years' war in Cuba the Caymanas turtles got their supplies from the Cuban shores. Driven thence, they resorted to the long stretch of kays along the Mosquito coast. Now the Nicaraguan government wants to claim a royalty in lieu of the usual ten dollars a year license to each schooner, and the turtles are thinking of returning to Cuba. In view of this, an enterprising Jamaican-Cuban has just secured a fishing concession from Gen. Wood. In one sense, therefore, the trade is at present in a transition stage. This fact makes it peculiarly susceptible to exploitation by outside enterprise. But, further than this, it is also in such an elementary

repel whom might prove fruitful in adventure—especially if one were carried off with the turtles and held for ransom. But with a prudent view to international complications the schooners are not permitted to be armed and the turtles have to take their chances.

In shore turtling—notably on the long sandy beach of Costa Rica stretching north from Port Limon 40 miles—there may be more fun or at least less monotony; but then there are also more real hard work and physical inconvenience, such as mosquitoes, sandflies, etc., and less profit. This is the primitive and well-known method of waylaying the creatures in their haunts and "turning" them while they are depositing their eggs in the sand. They are usually turned with poles; not because of any aggressive or even resistive characteristics, but for convenience and dispatch. An aggressive turtle would be an anomaly in nature. Yet I once saw a gigantic despoiled mother actually stand stiff on her flippers, swish her tail, elevate her head and viciously snap her jaws—as depicted in the accompanying sketch. And, in point of fact, she did succeed in biting a negro boatman who did the turning. The incident was, however, as unusual as it was excruciatingly ludicrous—especially after that darkly got bitten.

Formerly the entire industry consisted of the shipping and home sale of turtles and the preparation of "calipache" and "calipee," together with the shipping of shell. But of late years an enterprising colonist conceived the idea of establishing a factory for the preparation of the product of the turtle in a compact, portable form. And this has proved, in its small experimental way, a great success.

In the principal preparation made the flesh of the turtle is treated somewhat after the manner of making the beef extract of commerce. It is then condensed into tablets that occupy a marvelously small space in proportion to their virtue, from which any description of dishes may be made by a clever cook or by intelligently following the directions. Besides this there are special preparations made, such as canned turtle soup; the green fat (so much esteemed) preserved in bottles; preserved eggs, etc. And last, but not least, the well-known turtle oil, which is found so useful in pulmonary troubles, is prepared for export.

If left to themselves, the Jamaicans will never make much of the opportunity. At any rate, they have failed to do so up to the present time. It will, therefore, be no more than they deserve if some "pushing" Americans come down and push them aside, realizing to the full the rich, but now practically wasted, possibilities of this hidden industry. T. F. PORTER